

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercies," etc.

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## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

And as Dora kept to her word and drove or rode over every day when the weather was pleasant and together they wandered under the pines in many a daring place, the color of increasing health slowly tinged the cheeks of each, while Dora's cough grew less and less frequent and violent, and an added grace and spring showed in Dolores' step, though there was a growing sadness upon her lips and a hunted look in the wide dark eyes that her friends could not understand, this woman glided and exulted in her power to wound the girl Dora loved with a deeper, truer love than she could ever give to her, and she planned out every subtle manner for wounding and sending her shafts deeper into the soul of the girl who was, she told herself over and over, stealing away what rightfully belonged to her.

Lemuel Johnson went often to see his brother, who grew civil to him after a while, though at first he was surly, and resented his brother's long absence and neglect. Together they talked of the future, and laid many plans to be carried out as soon as Joe was a little better.

Dr. Dunwiddie still positively affirmed that he would recover, but that this must needfully be slow, and Joe Johnson was never possessed with patience enough to bear quietly much waiting. And as the days passed Dolores waited and waited, the dread fear shut in her heart, they would come for her father from the town.

The subject of the mare was never mentioned among them; it had dropped out of the house as suddenly and completely as though death had touched it; that day Dora gave her cousin a sketch of the feeling regarding it in the town, though not one of them understood the girl's horror of it, excepting it might be the one who had seen the most of her emotion. Sometimes the girl was tempted to ask about it, but the dread of bringing down something worse upon herself and her father kept her silent to suffer alone.

But Johnson lingered along in much the same condition in spite of the interest of his friends or foes, from week to week, scarcely getting better, yet growing no worse. Dr. Dunwiddie knitted his brows and looked very grave and puzzled many a time after his visits; he did not like the appearance of things; they were going crooked; something must be done and at once. He did not wish to arouse the thought of such a thing in the minds of Johnson himself or Dolores; in fact he wished to keep it from Johnson more even than from his daughter, for he was in such an excitable state that it went much against his recovery—petulant, fault-finding, with many a word that showed his brute nature and cruelty. At or against Dolores and fate his anger and spleen were directed. Dolores was of no use—no earthly use in the world; she was without even the sense of most women, and that was little enough. Had she been a boy things might have been differ-

ent and close together, grew cruel and running, the coarse mouth under the scant mustache closed with sinister meaning. For hours he would lie in the same position, scarcely moving, his long hands grown bony, clutching convulsively the bed covering. And to those who watched with eyes sharpened with interest all these actions were full of meaning, and proved much that had but been guessed before.

As time went by the men at the tavern got over their stiffness and dropped in occasionally through the days, one or another, to have a chat with Johnson, but mainly to see how he bore his affliction and to know for themselves how much better off that girl of Johnson's was, since her father's brother Lemuel—he who left the settlement years before—had returned.

Many an hour in the wide, low room at the tavern, or beside the door of an evening, they discussed Johnson's condition, and freely expressed their doubts and views as to his recovery in spite of Dr. Dunwiddie's assertion to the contrary. While Dr. Dunwiddie, over in the town among his friends at Judge Green's, also discussed Johnson's condition, and decided with them that it was time something was done, and done speedily, or it would be too late.

"Spare no pains nor expense, Dunwiddie," urged Lemuel Johnson, pacing up and down the pleasant parlor at Judge Green's, his hands clasped behind him, his florid face and kindly eyes full of anxiety. "Joe's got a wonderful constitution; always did have; snags like steel when we were youngsters. This illness has been heavy to bring him down so. Surely there is some way of hastening his recovery, and we must find it—you must find it. He's got to have a fair chance for a place in life, comfortable, like other men, and not end it all that way. Why, it's death in life over yonder. It's buried in a grave large enough to turn around in, but it isn't life. No wonder he's lost all ambition staying there with everybody around him duller and more listless than he, excepting of course Dolores. She's a body one would not meet always. Joe doesn't appreciate her because he's incapable of judging out of such a batch of comrades as he's got there. That Dolores is a good enough sort of man—make an intelligent man if he had a chance—but, my powers! such a life for man or woman. Where I was born, too, and not a school house or church in the place, and my own brother's child ignorant of even the catechism or the existence of God. Do your best for him, Dunwiddie; never mind the cost. Money is nothing compared to a life worth living. You start him on with a fair show of strength, and I'll do the rest. He's the only kin I have in the world—he and the girl—and the Lord knows there isn't a man in the world who wouldn't do all he could for such. Eh, Dora?"

## CHAPTER XX.

### A Sudden Message.

"Man alive!" exclaimed Lemuel Johnson as he stood beside his brother one morning, with Dr. Dunwiddie and Dr. Grey, explaining to him a plan by which they hoped to benefit his condition and hasten his recovery. "Man alive, Joe!" exclaimed the excitable little man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, his florid face growing redder, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Have you no sense at all? Have you no pride, no common ambition to get well? To make a success of life? Would you rather lie here, growing less and less capable of anything, like an indolent tramp, and keep on suffering straight ahead for years maybe, when by perfect care in this hospital, or infirmary, or whatever it is, in the city something may be done for you, and you would be set up like a new man ready for any position and to build up as good a home as any man living? Why, great Scott, Joe Johnson, if you are my brother and the only one I've got, I must say I'd be ashamed to own you if you refuse."

The invalid was growing excited also. He struggled up to a sitting position, half reclining on his right arm, and glared at his brother as an infuriated animal at bay.

"It'd be nothin' new ef ye was 'shamed of me," he cried, the veins of his forehead swelling like cords, his small eyes glittering like serpents.

"It's no mor'n ye've done all yer life sence yer runned away ter make yer money a-many year ago. Ye left er folks ter starve for allt ye've done fer 'em, tell just now when ye kem hyar ter glost owver me. I may be 'bout yer style o' sense, Lem Johnson, but I hev got ther common sense 'n ken tell beans when I sees 'em. Ye needn't make outen 't ye don't know what I means well's I do, or them as hev lived hyar sence theys borned. An' theys ken tellt ye left us 'thout nothin' an' outen yer life tellt just now when ain't no use; an' es long es I've got breath 'nough left ter tellt, I'll jest say this. An' I ain't goin' ter be put in no horsepital neither where a feller ken stay forever, an' folks'd never know but he's dead an' buried, 'stead o' livin' locked up in a cell like a criminal an' kept thyar an' never let out. Mehby et do run in thes family ter be she'll's an' no 'count,

but I hev er good sense es ye hev, Lem Johnson, an' I ain't ter be fooled like a woman."

Dr. Dunwiddie laid his strong hand on his shoulder and spoke to him sharply.

"Lie down," he said, "man, and listen to us. We give you the choice. You shall have from now till to-morrow morning to consider; after that will be too late. Choose one of two alternatives: Remain just where you are, from sheer stubbornness and die, for die you must if you persist in this, and in such a slow, torturing manner as you cannot comprehend, or comply with our wishes that may doubtless be painful at first, and may even end fatally—I place it all before you, holding back—but with ten chances to one of your recovery and a long life."

Johnson's face lost its defiance and cunning; it grew livid and paled to a deathly hue. His sinister eyes were fixed on the doctor's face with an expression of cowardly terror in them. His brother's fit of violent temper he could meet with equal force, but Dr. Dunwiddie's voice and manner bore as much weight as his words which were uttered clearly and calmly, but which the man was unused to hearing, and which therefore impressed him more than they might have done otherwise, full of meaning and warning as they were.

He lay among the pillows with his face turned to the wall, motionless as though he were already dead, his sinewy right hand clenched the cov-



"It'd be nothin' new ef ye was 'shamed of me."

ering lung after his brother and the doctors left, not knowing that through the half open door Dolores, from the outer room, was watching him with a face set as his own, her hands clasped passionately, her lips shut close to still the cry that rose from her heart, that found words only in a new, wild, inarticulate prayer.

"God, whom I know not, forgive him—forgive him."

But there was not a trace of this emotion upon her face or in her manner as she stood, a day or two after, at the window of the library at Judge Green's, the soft brown dress Dora had fitted for her, falling gracefully around her. She held back the lace draperies with one arm leaning against the casing of the large French window, and looked like a picture, so quiet she stood, flushed from the light of the sunset above.

Dora was sitting upon the ottoman at her feet, her delicate face raised to the face above her. Dora said she could sit forever at Dolores' feet and watch her. Dolores' face was a study of which one would never tire, which one must study to understand, which one could never fully understand.

(To be continued.)

## LIFE OF KING ALFONSO.

Young Monarch Becoming Popular With His Subjects.

The young King of Spain is daily making himself more popular in Sag. Sebastian, which may be regarded as the summer capital of Spain. Rising very early, he goes down from Miramar palace before 8 to San Sebastian beach for a swim. He takes long rides in the valleys and across the highlands of the Basque country without an escort, but he is always in uniform and is accompanied by two aids-de-camp and two palace servants. He takes great pleasure in returning the salutes of the peasantry. At mid-day the king attends to state business with the minister for foreign affairs. Before lunch he gives audiences and generally rides again in the afternoon, or drives his own four-in-hand with Queen Christina and his sisters sitting behind him. He takes an interest in yachting, in the rowing boat races in the bay and in pigeon-shooting. He is already a good shot and a keen sportsman. The Basques are pleased to see him interested in their national ball game, styled "juego de pelota."

## Suburban Foresight.

The citizen of Drearhurst was showing his visitor through the spacious garden in the rear of the house.

"Over there," he said, pointing with his cane, "is the turnip patch."

"You must be a good deal fonder of turnips than I am," commented the visitor.

"Oh, we don't use them on the table," his host replied. "We raise them to throw at the neighbors' chickens. They're cheaper than coal."

## One Advantage.

"Is Cleveland really as slow as people say it is?" asked the Chicago man.

"It's worse," replied the Cincinnati grummer. "Why some of the residents of that village actually die of old age."

## HOW FILIPINO WOMEN WASH.

Gathering at the Riversides Work and Gossip.

In the Philippines the natives do their own washing in a way peculiar to the country. Once a week the women gather at the riversides with the week's wash, and while they pound the clothes with a flat wooden club on a stone, they discuss every question of the day, from politics to village gossip.

This is one of the events of the week that lightens the labors of the Filipino housewife, wherein she combines profitable work with pleasure, countries, the one subject they do not discuss is dress.

W. E. Henley's Small Estate. The estate left by W. E. Henley, one of the most successful of modern writers of story books for boys, amounts to but \$5,000, although his books have had an enormous circulation. Lack of an international copyright is blamed for his want of success in accumulating property. His books were more lately read in the United States than in England, but he derived no profit from their sale here.

## Easy to Get.

Pierpont, O., Oct. 5th.—Remarkable indeed is the experience of Mr. A. S. Turner, a man now over seventy-one years of age, and whose home is here.

For many years this old gentleman had suffered with a very unpleasant form of Kidney Trouble, a kind that very often bothers aged people. He would have to get up four or five times every night, and this very tiresome disease was fast wearing him out.

At last after having almost made up his mind that he would never be able to get relief, he stumbled over a medicine which relieved him almost immediately, and has cured him permanently. It is so very easy to get and so simple that Mr. Turner thinks everyone should know of it. Every dealer in the country has it, and all you have to do is to ask for DODD'S Kidney Pills. Mr. Turner says:—

"I can heartily and honestly recommend DODD'S Kidney Pills for they cured me. Several others in the family have used them too, and always with the best results. I think they have no equal."

## Got His Letters Back.

A circumstantial fish story is told by the London Daily News. The captain of the steamer Benalder, of Leith, on a voyage to China, threw a bundle of old letters overboard in the Mediterranean. Some Spanish fishermen of Aguilas, near Cartagena, later caught a large fish, and on opening it found a bundle of letters inside. They took this to the mayor, who managed to decipher in one the name and address of the superintendent of the steamship line in London, and thus to restore the letters to their owner.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors prescribed a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Faj's Catarrh Cure, made and sold by F. J. CROWE & CO., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally and does from its drops to a permanent cure. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure, and for catarrh and leucorrhoea. Address: F. J. CROWE & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

## A Matter of Business.

Howard Bell, the publisher, was being shaved the other day. "Do you like James Lane Allen's new book?" asked the barber, striving for an appropriate subject for conversation. "Why, yes," said the publisher, "but just now I am interested in a book by William Dean Howells. Do you read him?" "No," replied the barber; "never heard of him." "What, never heard of Mr. Howells? Why, he surely is better known than Mr. Allen." "That may be, sir; but you see, I shave Mr. Allen."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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## STRAIGHT TO THE SPOT

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TELL CITY, IND.—I received the free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills. They are splendid. I had an awful pain in my back; on taking the pills the pain left me right away and I feel like a new man.—Stephen Schaefer.

Mrs. ADDIE ANDREWS, R. F. D. No. 1, BRODHEAD, WIS., writes: I received the free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills with much benefit. My little nephew was suffering terribly with kidney trouble from scarlet fever. Two doctors failed to help him and he finally went into spasms. His father gave him Doan's Kidney Pills and from the second dose

the pain was less. He began to gain and is to-day a well boy, his life saved by Doan's Kidney Pills.

RUIDLES MILL, KY.—I received the free trial of pills. They did me great good. I had bladder trouble, compelling me to get up often during night. Now I sleep well, no pain in neck of bladder, pain in back is gone, also headache.—JNO. L. HILL.

Countess Not a Favorite. "They say" in New York that the countess of Shaftesbury was a great disappointment to a number of those who made her temporary acquaintance during the yacht races. Apparently her ladyship took delight in forgetting from day to day the persons who had been presented to her. She remembered a few of the military set but as a rule her memory was disconcertingly—perhaps intentionally—bad. Altogether the countess is set down as about the hightiest proposition that New York has had for years.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

## Wood and Steel.

The old wooden frigate Saratoga, which was launched nearly sixty years ago, and is still pursuing a career of usefulness as a schoolship, is an object lesson in the durability of wood as a material for shipbuilders. Paint and oil preserve it from decay. What will do as much for iron and steel, the materials of which modern warships are built? Will the battleships and cruisers of today be as staunch after fifty years of salt water service as the Saratoga is?

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